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MAINE FARMER
AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1853.

CLOUDY SEASON.

Every part of the globe has certain seasons, during the year, which come constantly, and regularly, at certain periods of the year; and which, although variable in their daily characteristics, have nevertheless a general character, which is somewhat uniform from year to year, and distinguishes them from the seasons of other periods. Here, in our own latitude, we have the winter season—the spring season—the summer season—and the autumn season.

In other parts of the world, they have rainy seasons, when, although it does not pour down all the time, yet there is more or less rain almost every day, and this is alternated with the dry season, in which no rain falls. In some latitudes, the wind sets in, and blows with little or no variation for months in one direction only.

In Peru they have a cloudy season, Humboldt says, that for several months, a thick mist obscures the firmament. Not a planet, not the most brilliant stars of the southern hemisphere, neither Canopus nor the Southern Cross are visible. It is frequently almost impossible to distinguish the position of the moon.

If by chance, the outline of the sun's disk be visible during the day, it appears devoid of rays, as if seen through colored glasses, being generally of a yellowish red, sometimes of a white, and occasionally even of a bluish color. The mariner driven onward, by the cold, south current of the sea, is unable to recognize the shores, and in the absence of all observations of latitude, sails past the harbor's mouth which he desired to enter.

Except the usual variations of spring, summer, fall and winter, our latitude is not subject to such periodical onsets of rain, or trade winds, or misty and cloudy weather. It is as a general thing very clear, and with the exception of occasional clouds, and storms of comparatively short duration, we have no cloudy seasons, nor misty seasons, nor rainy seasons. The light of the sun, moon, and stars, shines for the most part unobscured, and with beautiful brilliancy. This is as conducive to health, as it is to the pleasure of the body, and although we complain of occasional cold winters, and backward seasons, these blessings alone, are sufficient to counter-balance all evils of that kind. The health of both the animal and vegetable kingdom is intimately connected with light.

WOODWORTH'S YOUTH'S CABINET.

This admirable publication is now in its third volume. It is published every month, by D. A. Woodworth, 118 Nassau street, New York. It is full of beautiful illustrations and embellishments. It also contains a series of biographies of distinguished men and women, with portraits of the same. Mr. G. C. Waterman, of Litchfield, in this county, is agent for it.

SEMON ON DANIEL WEBSTER. We have received from the printer, Geo. C. Rand, of Boston, a very handsomely printed pamphlet, of some 25 pages, being a sermon delivered, by Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, on the Sunday after the interment of Mr. Webster.

PATHFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE. This work for March is received. For persons travelling in any of the New England States, this book is a very convenient pocket companion, giving, as it does, the distances, fares, and times of arriving and departing on all the railroads in New England. Published in Boston, by Geo. K. Snow, and for sale by all periodical dealers.

MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY REPORTS. We received some time since, the reports of the Committees, of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and should have noticed it sooner, but it got mislaid. Annexed to the reports of the Committees, is a schedule of the prizes to be awarded the present season. The annual exhibition of this Society, will take place on the 21st, 22d, and 23d, days of September, 1853. Eben Wight is the corresponding Secretary.

FAMILY CIRCLE. The March number of the Family Circle, and Parlor Annual is before us. This is the first number of a new volume, and makes a very fair appearance. Two full page engravings are given in this number. Published by Jas. G. Reed, New York, at \$1.00 per annum.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. We learn that at an annual meeting of the Pacific Fire Company No. 4, on Monday last week, the following officers were elected, for the ensuing year: C. W. Swanton, foreman; J. W. Rowe, 2d foreman; B. R. Flagg, 3d foreman; G. Gilman, foreman of hose; C. F. Swan, 2d foreman; E. I. Wall, Clerk.

The Atlantic engine yet remains without any company, though the Es-Threes have voted to work her if necessary, for one month. The Fire Department is a branch of our city government that should not be neglected, and we hope to be able, soon, to record the formation of a new company for the Atlantic.

The Deluge and Fire Queen, are both stored in the old engine house at the top of "Jail Hill," and are, according to the Auditor's Report, in good repair, although at present there are no companies attached to them.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS. At the election of city officers in Hallows, on Monday, 7th inst., Rufus K. Page, was elected Mayor, by a unanimous vote.

In Gardiner, on the same day, Francis Richards, was elected Mayor, receiving 404 votes out of 650. Mr. B. subsequently declined serving as Mayor, and Thursday, 17th, was appointed for a second trial.

At the City election in Bath, same day, Hon. Bernard C. Bailey, was chosen Mayor, having 640 votes out of 795.

At the election in Bangor on the 14th inst., Geo. W. Pickering was elected Mayor—receiving every vote thrown. So says a telegraphic despatch to the Journal.

"THE RASH MARRIAGE." This story, from Graham's Magazine, which we commence this week, we think will be acceptable to our readers. It is much better than the generality of newspaper stories, and although it will occupy some four or five pages, we do not think it will grow tiresome. We shall give more variety on the fourth page after this is finished.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

From the Auditor's Report of the financial concerns of the city of Augusta, for the past year, we gather the following items of interest to our readers.

The taxes are as follows: State tax \$4,174 12; County tax \$3,233 97; for highways, schools, fire department, &c. \$21,801 91; making a total of \$29,210.

For highways there was appropriated, last year, the sum of \$4,500 and there remain unexpended \$224.32. The account for new streets, shows that the sum appropriated, has been rather over drawn. The amount appropriated was \$800 and the prior orders paid, \$87.23. The amount expended is \$1,314 54, leaving a deficiency of \$427 31.

For the Fire Department \$300 was appropriated, of which \$40 84 remain unexpended. The Police account shows \$504 95 expended, against an appropriation of \$300 overdrawn \$4 95.

The expenses of the poor, the past year have been \$3,682 82. Appropriation \$2,000. The sums drawn to pay prior bills, and the amount received from other sources reduce the sum overdrawn to \$683 90.

For City officers there have been paid bills to the amount of 2,300 38. The amount appropriated was \$2,000; received from the Municipal Court \$78 09, reducing the sum overdrawn to \$222 79.

For contingent expenses \$1,000 were appropriated, of this sum \$333 61 remain unexpended.

The liabilities of the city, are \$32,819 29. Resources \$11,471 68, making the city debt \$21,347 61. The city debt has been reduced, the past year, \$2079, \$900 of which was received from the sale of the old Town House lot, the balance from the taxes.

The city property is valued at 12,152 91. Annexed to the Auditor's Report, are the Reports of the City Marshal, (which will be found in another place.) Overseers of the poor, Street Commissioners, and Chief Engineer.

TOWN ELECTIONS.

WINTHROP. At the Town Meeting on Monday last, the following officers were elected:

Moderator—G. A. Benson.

Town Clerk—H. B. Benjamin.

Selectmen and Assessors—M. B. Sears, Z. A. Marrow, S. Gammon.

Treasurer—D. Stanley.

Town Agent—T. J. Burgess.

Collector—E. W. Kelley.

School Comm.—Messrs. Powers, Cargill and Sawyer.

FAYETTE. Town Meeting March 7th.

Moderator—Col. L. Chase.

Town Clerk—H. B. Lovejoy.

Selectmen and Assessors—M. Lane, F. A. Chase, I. S. French.

Treasurer—J. H. Underwood.

School Comm.—Rev. A. Drinkwater, A. G. French, S. C. Tuck.

CITY ELECTION. The election for City officers was held on Monday last. JOHN A. PERRIN, Esq., was re-elected, with little opposition. At the time of putting our paper to press, we had not received the returns from the different wards, but we shall give the vote in our next.

The following are the Aldermen, and Common Councilmen chosen:

ALDERMEN.

Ward 1. Charles Hamlen.

Ward 2. Watson F. Hall.

Ward 3. Sam'l C. Gage.

Ward 4. Mason Farrar.

Ward 5. Thomas Little.

Ward 6. E. K. Robinson.

Ward 7. Amos Church.

COUNCILMEN.

Ward 1. James A. Bicknell, Orrin Parker, Cyrus Guild, Jr.

Ward 2. J. P. Dillingham, Sam'l Titcomb, Joseph A. Homan.

Ward 3. Daniel G. Baker, Sam'l B. Hodgkins, one vacancy.

Ward 4. J. W. Remick, two vacancies.

Ward 5. E. B. Thorne, Joel Staples, one vacancy.

Ward 6. John Barrows, A. J. Reynolds, H. W. Morton.

Ward 7. Artemus Kimball, Paul P. Hall, Elbridge G. Wall.

CAPT. WAINWRIGHT'S SHEEP. Col. Child has shown us a specimen of Leicester, and also of Merino wool, sent him by his son-in-law, Capt. R. A. Wainwright, now in command at Detroit Arsenal. The Leicester is over 8 1/2 inches long, of good texture, and we should think a very superior article. The Spanish is from a choice importation, procured by him recently, and although the wool is not so long as some, it is compact, and very fine and soft. We were glad to hear again from Capt. W. He has great agricultural tastes, and while here did much for the improvement of the breed of cattle and horses, and we learn is doing still more where he now is. He was a valuable member of the Agricultural Society, and an active and valuable member of important committees at our cattle shows, where he was always present with good specimens from his stock. We were sorry to lose him.

TALL PRICE FOR TALL HENS. We last week saw a coop at the Winthrop Station, containing a pair of tall hens, viz. one hen, and an Oliver Cromwell—no, we beg, Oliver's pardon, one hen, and a "Protector"—of the breed that now, thanks to Dr. Bennett, rejoices in the name of "Brakha Pouter." They were nine months old; the "rooster" weighed 14 1/2 lbs., the "pullet" 9 lbs. They were raised by Major S. W. of Winthrop, and had been sold to a gentleman in Ohio, for \$25. We suppose by this time, they are astonishing the plebeian chickens of the Buckeye State; who always have to "clear the coop" for the down east pullets.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXHIBITION. The Universalist Sunday School of this city, will give a public Exhibition at Winthrop Hall, on Tuesday evening, 22d inst. Exercises will commence at one quarter before 7 o'clock. Admission 10 cents, at the door. We understand that several new pieces will be brought out, which will make the exercises very interesting.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. Our subscribers are notified that Joseph H. Page is not now, and has not been for some time past, an agent for this paper—nor is any one who claims to act under his authority to act as agent.

CULTURE OF PEARS. We have received a communication, from our friend and correspondent, S. L. G. on the culture of pears on quince roots, which will appear in our next.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY MEETINGS. We have received the reports of annual meetings of several of the Agricultural Societies in this State, but not in season for this week's paper. They will appear in our next.

CROWDED OUT. Several notices of new works, &c., are crowded out this week.

THE LARGE COW.

Mr. Editor.—As doubtless many false impressions and erroneous statements have gone forth to the public, through different channels, in relation to a famous cow I had slaughtered a few days since, I deem it my duty to give to your numerous readers, under my own signature, a brief, and accurate history of this animal; setting down naught in envy, malice, and exaggeration. Another motive, which influences me to this course, is the conviction, that a knowledge of the facts connected with the rearing and fattening of her will disabuse many minds of errors, which tradition and habit have riveted upon them, and induce individuals to think and act somewhat in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age. Another motive still, the last though not the least, which prompts me to write, is to gratify the feelings of pleasure and pride I cherish in producing so magnificent a quadruped.

It was my purpose to have procured a daguerotype of said cow and furnished a copy to the adornment of your excellent paper; but I am sorry to say that all the attempts of the artist, proved unsuccessful. "Alas! we shall never look upon her like again!"—no pleasant, so beautiful, so noble. It is some consolation however to know that very many of our most skillful and experienced butchers, drovers, farmers, and others, have availed themselves of their own camera obscura, and thus secured for themselves a daguerotype of her matchless image. None have been her but to wonder, to admire, to praise; and, if I mistake not, it is the concurrent testimony of all who have seen her, that, when viewed in reference to all that goes to make up a perfect animal, her keeping, the number of her offspring, the contour of her form, her gait, her size, her fatness, her gentle disposition, and her healthful and dignified mien, she was equal, if not superior, to any cow ever raised in Maine, and probably in New England. But time and space admonish me to approach the data, the facts.

This cow was born upon my farm in Alna, Lincoln County, Oct. 29th, 1845—weighed at three months, and fed on hay, with a small daily allowance of potatoes or turnips, until turned out to grass. In the month of May I sold my farm and she passed into other hands, when she had nothing but common farmers keeping viz: hay and grain, with no extra care whatever. Precocious as I may seem she had a calf in the summer of 1847, when only 20 months old. She has had one every season since up to, and including, the year 1851; amounting to five; several of which are living, and may be seen in that section. On the 14th Feb., 1851, she was driven from Alna to Dresden, and put in charge of Mr. Francis Blin, one of our best farmers, and very successful in raising and fattening cattle.

At this date she was in ordinary flesh, and measured in girth 6 ft. 4 inches—was giving milk, but in the course of a week was dried up. Through the residue of the winter she had no other fodder than good hay, and in the spring went to grass with his cattle.

The first day of July, the feed falling off, in consequence of a severe drought, as your readers will remember, Mr. Blin says he commenced giving the cow just two quarts of Indian meal per day, (only enough, in his opinion, to make it equal to good pasturage), and continued this quantity to August 29th; then three quarts to Oct. 1st, with one fodder of hay; then six quarts to Dec. 20th; and from the last date to Feb. 18, 1853, the time of completing the process of fattening, eight quarts, with as much hay as she would eat. She consumed, from the first of November to the eighteenth, 624 bushels of rutabaga turnips, averaging per day something more than half a bushel. Feb. 19th she was conveyed, on a boxed wood-sled, in a standing position, to my premises in Augusta, where, for ten days she was exhibited to the curious. Her girth when started on her journey was just 7 ft. 4 inches. The fatigue of the journey, followed by homesickness and annoyance of visitors, prevented her eating her usual allowance, and to such an extent as to subtract something, not only from her live, but also from her dead weight. For Feb. 22d her live weight was 1720 lbs. I present below, in a more compact form, the amount of feed consumed during the whole year, with the prices annexed; and also the retail prices at which she was sold. Her gross weight after being dressed was 1239 lbs., and twenty-four hours later, when merchantable, it was as follows, viz:—

Cow, Cr.

Hide, 98 lbs., sold for \$5 00

Rough tallow, 157 lbs., 12 00

Four quarters, 453 lbs., 51 04

Head, tongue, tripe and pluck, 63 96

Dr. 137 00

3 tons hay, at \$12 per ton, \$36 00

624 bushels turnips, at 25c. per bush., 12 62

384 bushels corn, at 80c. per bush., 30 80

Pasturage, 5 00

Butchering, 2 00

\$80 324

Leaving, per these data, for the cow at the beginning, \$50,374, showing, in this instance at least, that the operation has not been one of fancy or extravagance but of profit, which is to most persons, though it ought not always to be in such matters, the great desideratum.

The foregoing was what we call a grade Durham, and the second degree removed from the original blood; the dam being half Durham and half native; and the sire made up of Durham, Hereford, native, &c., and in what proportions I am unable to state.

Judging from her distinctive features, as presented to the eye, I should say she was 1/8 Durham, 1/8 Hereford, 1/8 unknown and 1/8 native. I wish to call the attention of a reader, in the case of this animal, to the difference between her live, and dressed weight. It is much less than is generally allowed, both in this country and in England, and all the tables I have seen, and all the estimates I have heard, range from 30 to 50 per cent., these being the extremes, at home and abroad. In the case before us, it is but a fraction, above 25 per cent. Another thing worthy of notice in her weight, immediately after she was dressed, compared with what it was 24 hours subsequently, showing a falling off of only 7 lbs. In both instances, weighed by the same balances, and the same person, much less than is generally supposed. These two differences just specified, if it is remembered, depend upon, and are measured principally, though not wholly, by the fatness of the animal. The breed, sex, age, form, &c., modify the rule; another reason I wish to make, is, that many authors and other persons, are wont to assert, that experience will enable the eye and hand, to estimate the weight of an animal, as accurately as those can who take certain measurements; such as the girth, the length from the forward part of the shoulder blade to the extreme of the rump, or perpendicular line of the tail! I judge this to be an error.

Is it not presumption to assert, that a man can judge of the size of any body, as well without, as he can with the application of a standard measure? and is not the weight of any body, based upon its size? Suppose we know the weight of a cubic block, of the various kinds of

wood, or marble, or granite, and take blocks of these, not cubic; can we estimate by the eye and hand; as nearly as we could by taking their actual dimensions. Do we measure our loads, and piles of wood, our many kinds of logs and timber, distances, &c., by the eye and the touch? And why, let me ask, as pertinent to the subject, do all, or nearly all, who deal in cattle, carry a cord or chain in the pockets? I do not argue that certain measurements are all that is necessary; but that they are essential aids to correct a judgment. Beside these, you must observe the form of the animal, ascertain the age, learn the length of time it has been stalled, the kind, and quantity of food given, &c., as making up the needed data. Reason and experience, I think, are against the position I would controvert. So confident am I on this point, that if any one wishes to test this matter, (though I am somewhat out of practice,) I am ready to enter the list of competitors. Another observation I wish to make, before I close this communication is this: there is much in the breed of cattle. This is strikingly illustrated, in the subject, whose history I have sketched. In corroborating this also, I would state, that her dam, with very ordinary keeping and not very fat, weighed, when dressed, 950 lbs. and that a half sister 34 years old, killed this winter by the said F. Blin, weighed 994 lbs. net; having had a calf the past season, and not stalled over three months; and Mr. Gilmore Blin has a splendid yoke of oxen 3 years old, whose girth is 7 ft. 4 inches—nearly the same blood; and they both have other animals correspondingly large and elegant, all of which, they say, have never received any extra food or care—all of this springing from stock raised on my farm in Alna. I have much more to say, but for fear. Please excuse my prolixity, as it is the first instance in which I have trespassed so largely upon your space, and your patience.

A. G. DOLLE.

March 14th, 1853.

GRANT EXPLOSION. On Tuesday evening of last week, about three o'clock, a very serious accident occurred at the granite quarry near our Borough, by the explosion of a gas in the receiver. The explosion occurred immediately after the furnace had run out their iron. The receiver was eighty-eight feet long, and four feet deep, and was the roof of the granite house. The force of the explosion was so great as to entirely demolish the roof, and blow out every window in the building, which is three stories high. Pieces of the pipes and receiver were blown in all directions—some to a distance of 500 yards. The explosion killed six men, and injured many others. The receiver was twenty feet in diameter, and was filled with water. The explosion was caused by a gas which had accumulated in the receiver, and had been ignited by a spark from the furnace. The explosion was a very serious one, and caused much loss of life and property. The receiver was a very large one, and was used for holding molten iron. The explosion was caused by a gas which had accumulated in the receiver, and had been ignited by a spark from the furnace. The explosion was a very serious one, and caused much loss of life and property.

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The Muse.

From the Kitchener Magazine.
NEARER TO THEE.

By Wm. B. GLAZIER.

Years, years have fled since, hushed in thy last slumber,
They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree;
But with a patient heart each day I come,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

The twilight comes and robs in softened splendor
All that is beautiful on land or sea,
And o'er my spirit flings an influence tender,
For in that hour I nearer seem to thee.

The night is gone, and with the mists of morning
Before the God's burning presence lies,
Then in my heart a welcome light is dawning,
That cheers me as I nearer press to thee.

I sometimes think thy kindly spirit watches
Over the heart that loves thee so tenderly,
For there are rapturous moments when it catches,
As if in dreams, a blessed glimpse of thee.

In those sweet seasons thou dost come before me,
With loveless hearts that Earth may never see,
I feel thy presence like a breeze o'er me,
And then I know I nearer am to thee.

When from these dreams I tearfully awaken,
Colder than ever seems the earth to me;
But yet all hopes have not my heart forsaken,
Am I not drawing nearer, nearer, thee?

Thou wert life's angel! how I loved, adored thee,
Ere death had cut thy gentle spirit free;
And now thou know'st how oft I have implored thee
To bring me nearer, nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee—to-night the stars are burning
In skies that meet thy blessed dwelling;
Thou art not far from me, earth returning,
But I am pressing nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee—how long, how long I've pondered
With mortal fancies what my spirit be;
With but one wish, one hope through life I've pondered,
The wish, the hope to be nearer thee.

Nearer to thee—I know my prayer is granted,
Joy thy spirit now is close to me;
Not, not in vain this hope my heart hath haunted,
Each pulsing beat brings me nearer thee.

BE OFF WITH YOU NOW.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

Be off with you now—don't I know
That it's only a dream?
With cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the star!
'Tis true that my wait is but small,
And my raptures are like the wine;
But I'm not an angel at all,
Nor am I the least bit divine!

So be off with you now—don't I see
You're deluding from ere until dawn?
My eye may be dazzled and free,
But I'm not in the least like the fawn!
But 'twas ever the thought I knew,
Since Adam in Eden began—
That bosoms were sure to be like snow,
And necks were of course, like the swan!

Come, be off with you now, till you learn
To love like a plain-hearted youth;
Let your mind, if you love me, discern
To win, you must woo me with truth!
I would rather—rather than those flowers,
In which you are ever so rife—
That you promised to love me all hours,
As long as each other had life!

The Story-Teller.

From Graham's Magazine.
THE RASH MARRIAGE.

By MRS. JULIA C. B. DORR.

CHAPTER I.

To her he was
Even as a brother—but no more.

That pleased him and yet pleased him not, and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when the loved
Another.

"Never—Theresa Gordon—I tell you never!
I would never forgive a man who doubted my
truth!" And Adelaide Lindsey's dark eyes
flashed and her lip curled haughtily.

"Better not be too confident, Adelaide,"
replied Theresa Gordon. "I have known girls do
a great many things they had been sure they
would never do."

"And so have I," added the third of the trio
—fair Kate Warren—the widowed sister of
Adelaide Lindsey, "and particularly with re-
gard to matrimonial affairs. When I hear a
young lady saying that she shall never marry
—oh, no! I would not marry for the world—
not I! I generally take it for granted that
she is only waiting for an offer. And don't you
remember Charlotte Pierce's? she was always
saying that nothing could induce her to marry
—and when she was asked to marry she married
a man who had lost two wives and had six
children. And there was Susan Leonard—
she would never be the wife of any other man
till, I saw her last week in company with her
husband. He is just about as tall as you are,
Adelaide, and looks full five years younger than
herself. It is just so almost always; and as for
you, sis, I expect you would forgive not only
'seven times,' but 'seventy times seven.'"

"You are very much mistaken, girls, both of
you," was the reply; "I believe I know my
own heart quite as well as you can possibly
know it. I could forgive a great many unkind
and hasty words, for I know I am passionate
and irritable myself, and might often deserve to
receive them. I do not know but I might—I
really think I could—forgive inconsistency, if it
did not last too long; but I could not, I could
not continue to love one who dared to doubt me."

"You are a queer girl, Adelaide," said Theresa,
"sometimes I hardly know what to make of
you. What if George Tilden were here?"

"That would not alter the case, I should say
precisely what I say now. The man who wishes
to call me his wife must trust me with a perfect
trust."

"But, my dear sister," asked Kate, "could you
trust so implicitly? You love George Tilden,
and expect to marry him, but I think cir-
cumstances might arise that would lead you to
doubt his truth."

"No, Kate, I would not believe that he was
false to me unless his own lips pleaded guilty to
the charge; and I demand equal confidence
from him."

"But some people are naturally more sus-
picious—more inclined to be jealous than
others; could you not make allowance for that?"

"I don't think that ought to make any dif-
ference. George Tilden knows that I love him;
he has gained the confession from me—not
easily nor without effort—not so lightly that
he might be justified in thinking that I was won
over by the love more than by the lover, and
that the next pair of eloquent lips that chose
might woo me to a like confusion—but soberly
and thoughtfully. And now he has no right to
distrust me. If he should!"

"Well, what if he should? It is always best
to be prepared for every eventuality, Ada."

"You think I am only joking, Kate, but I am
in sober earnest. There I should tell him that
his heart was at his own disposal again, and
that he had better place it in the keeping of one
whom he could trust."

The group to whose conversation we have
just been listening, together with their
surroundings, have formed a fine study for an
artist. Only one of the three girls—for Kate
Warren although she had, in the short space of
seven months, worn both the bridal wreath and
the widow's veil, had hardly passed the age of
girlhood—was the possessor of more than ordi-
nary beauty. Yet as they sat there upon that
mossy bank, just within the shadow of those
tall dark pines, it would have been difficult to
find a prettier picture.

Were you ever in Middleburg, dear reader!
And if so, do you not remember Carroll's Hill,
and the little grove upon the hill-side, scarce
midway to the summit, and the tiny, brown
house that nestled amid the trees? Do you not
remember the green bank, that you thought
had surely been fashioned by fairy hands for a
loiterer's resting-place? You cannot have for-
gotten how quietly the irregular and yet pleas-
ant village lay beneath your feet, with its nu-
merous spires rising from church and school-
house and academy and college? And how the
creek, winding along green meadows and
rich pastures, on through the cedar-grove and
down by the paper-mill, looked so like a
thread of silver! And how you gazed far into
the west, until your eyes were weary, be-
cause you had been told that, on a clear day,
the beautiful Champlain was visible even at
that distance! And, then, if it was evening,
you surely remember how gloriously the sun
went down—and how you thought the glowing
tints would never fade into dim twilight—and
how a soft purple and rose-colored mist bathed
the distant mountains and hung lightly over the
valleys? I am sure you remember all this, and
you can recall, even now, the thousand sweet
sounds, blending harmoniously into one, that
floated to your ear, mellowed and softened by
the distance, as you lay thoughtfully upon the
green turf with your cheek pillowed on your
hand.

The low hum from the village beneath
you—the shout of the merry school-boys—the
lowing of herds—the soft tinkle of the "cow-
bell"—the murmur of the water-fall—the wind
sighing among the branches over your head—
oh! there was melody and beauty all around
you, and I know you have not forgotten them.
Then the brilliant coloring faded from the sky,
and the quiet stars gleamed forth from amid the
blue, and one, a very large and bright one, hung
just over the brow of the mountain; and then
the air grew chilly, and the sad cry of the
whippoorwill fell coldly on your heart, and the
light from the village windows looked more
cheerful than the shadows around you, and so
you wended your way homeward. Don't you
remember it all?

Well, it was then, upon that very bank that
the three friends were resting, and you could
scarcely select from among the whole circle of
your acquaintance three faces and figures more
totally unlike. Kate Warren and Adelaide
Lindsey were sisters, but you would hardly
have thought it. There was a truthfulness and
a gleam in Kate's sunny blue eyes, that to her
friends were for doors that opened—they were
shadowed now, for she had been sorely tried,
and the wounded heart was bleeding still. But
for the sake of those who loved her she strug-
gled with her grief, and few knew how deeply it
was seated. Kate was not beautiful—do not
know that you would have thought her even
pretty, although her soft, brown hair rested on
a very smooth, white brow, but you would cer-
tainly have loved her for her gentleness and her
purity.

A pair of splendid black eyes, and lashes so
long that they fairly swept a colorless cheek,
was all that saved Adelaide from absolute plain-
ness; but they were enough. After you had
once gazed into those glorious orbs, trying in
vain to measure their fathomless depths, you
would have forgotten that her other features
were far from approaching the standard of
beauty—that her mouth was too large, and her
cheek too pale. Her figure was tall, and her
dress dignified—some would say haughty—
while Kate was small, even petite, and her step
light and airy as that of a child.

Theresa Gordon was unlike either of them—
less lovely perhaps, but on the whole hand-
somer; at least she thought so, and she cer-
tainly never looked in her mirror without re-
holding bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and curls
glossy enough to confirm her in that opinion.
But Adelaide had been waiting a long time for
Kate's response to her last remark. It was at
length made, gayly and carelessly, for the open
air, the free glad sunlight, and the joyous beau-
ty of the early summer time had fallen like a
charm upon Kate's weary heart, and she was
this evening unusually happy—happier than she
had been for many a month.

"I presume you think so, Ada, but for my
part, I don't believe one word of it. But you
had better be careful how you talk in this way,
for you might perhaps give some rival of yours
or of George's a hint on which to act, and you
would hardly like to be obliged in self-defense
to carry all these heroic resolutions into effect."

"I do not imagine there is much danger of
such a catastrophe," replied Adelaide with a
smile; "but come girls, ought we not to be
going home? See, it is just sun-down, and we
have a long way to walk."

Theresa, on coming in, had hastily thrown
her bonnet down and betaken herself to the far-
thest corner of the room.

"Never mind me, Kate, I can't sing to-night."

"What is the matter, dear? are you sick?"

asked Mr. Lindsey. "I like to hear you all
sing together."

"No, sir, not sick, only tired. Don't wait
for me. I had rather hear you than to sing my-
self this evening."

The two sisters sang very sweetly, and their
voices harmonized perfectly. They made no
pretensions to superior skill, but they both
played and sang well enough to delight their
father, and he expected the evening hour of
music as regularly as he did his tea. Kate's
marriage had been so short, that when, after a
very few months' absence, she returned to the
paternal roof—paler and more quiet it is true,
and with the shadow of a bitter grief veiling the
brightness of her eye, but if possible more gen-
tle and lovely than ever—her father could
scarcely realize he had once given her to another.
And now that the lapse of a year had clus-
tered and subdued the first anguish of her be-
trayal, and he saw her as in other days, joining
Adelaide in the household tasks, and going
about the old familiar employments as steadily
and almost as cheerfully as of yore, he nearly
forgot that she had ever left him.

Theresa Gordon sat quietly in her dark cor-
ner until the sisters had sung two or three songs,
and then, stealing softly out of the room, she
went up stairs. As the light of the hall lamp
fell upon her features, you would have seen that
her face was very pale—there was a strange,
almost a fierce light in her eye, and her lips
were compressed firmly. She had not waited to
obtain a light, but going directly to her own
apartment, she flung open the lattice and leaned
out of the window. How softly the moonbeams
fell around her, and how the little white sum-
mer-house, with its wealth of roses and honeys-
uckles, gleamed in the silvery light! But she
did not heed them—she felt as if she were suf-
fering, and she lay there motionless, upon the
window-seat until her long, rich curls were
damp with the night. Then when the music
ceased, and she knew by the sound of light
footsteps and the hum of voices, that the group
in the parlor would soon discover her absence,
she stole down the staircase as quietly as she
had ascended it, and glided unperceived to her
secret room.

Little did Kate Warren think, as she laid her
head upon the pillow that night, that a care-
lessly uttered, trivial remark of hers that day,
was to be the means of blending a dark thread
with the web of Adelaide's destiny. Little did
Adelaide think that she had, indeed, to use
Kate's words, "given a rival a hint on which to
act."

Some six years previous to the time when our
story commences, Mr. Lindsey had received a
letter from Mr. Gordon, an early friend of his
residing at the South, begging him to receive
under his roof, for the next few years, his only
child, Theresa, and his ward, George Tilden.

"Do not refuse me this favor, my dear
friend," wrote Mr. Gordon; "my wife's health
has long been declining, and two months ago
we laid her in the grave. My home is desolate
—how desolate, you who knew my Mary
so well, can imagine better than I can tell you;
but that alone would not induce me to leave it.
Business of the utmost importance calls me to
Europe, and will detain me there for two or
three years; I have no near relations to whose
care I can, meanwhile, commit my children—
children, I say, for George is as dear to me as
a son—and among all my friends, I know of no
one but yourself—the oldest and longest tried—
with whom I would be willing to leave them.
Say yes, and we will be with you in a month.
Under your wife's gentle guidance, I feel that
my Theresa's character will be moulded aright,
and I shall wish to place in your hands the en-
tire control of George's studies."

Mr. Lindsey yielded an assent to his friend's
request, and in a very few weeks the young
Southerners were beneath his roof, and fairly
domesticated as members of his family. Ther-
esa and George were just of an age; Kate
was two years older, and the three girls shared
equally in Mrs. Lindsey's care and instructions.
But death entered that dwelling also; and dur-
ing the long illness that preceded her approach,
Theresa watched over her adopted mother, and
as faithfully as did her own daughters, and wept
as bitterly over her grave. Mr. Gordon was
still in Europe at the time of Mrs. Lindsey's
death; and although the period of his return yet
was now completed, Mr. Lindsey would not
allow her to return to her solitary home at the
South. "No, no, Theresa," he would say, "you
are to be my daughter until your father comes
home—and I cannot spare you."

George Tilden, meanwhile, had been prosecut-
ing his studies with diligence and success. He
had graduated with distinguished honors, and
Mr. Lindsey was very proud of his brilliant
talents and untarnished name. He loved the
young man, too, for his noble qualities of head
and heart, and noticed the springing up of a
mutual attachment between him and Adelaide
with any thing but displeasure.

At the period of which we are writing,
George and Adelaide had been betrothed nearly
a year, and the former had gone to the South,
to visit his paternal estate, which was next to
that of Mr. Gordon, and make arrangements
for returning thither with his bride sometime
during the coming fall.

There was but one heart that had not rejoiced
when the engagement for the young couple was
announced—for Mr. Lindsey and Kate rejoiced
in Ada's happiness, even though it was to be
the means of taking her away from them—and
that one was the heart of Theresa Gordon. Without
having had the least reason for doing so, she
had learned to regard herself as the destined
bride of George Tilden; and when she saw
plainly that he gave her only a sister's
place in his affections, while he loved Adelaide
with all the depth and fervor of his passionate
nature, she felt injured and slighted, and her
heart was filled to overflowing with envy and
bitterness.

It was strange that her attachment was not
suspected, even by its object—but so it was.
The manner in which they were situated, and
the frank familiarity of their intercourse, had
placed them so much upon the footing of brother
and sister, that no one ever thought of re-
garding them in any other light. Adelaide did
not dream when she blushing spoke to Kate
and Theresa of her betrothal, that her sister's
tearful congratulations met with no response in
the breast of the latter; and that when she
went to exchange the usual good-night
kisses, nothing but Theresa's pride prevented

her from shrinking from her, as if she had been
a viper.

But Theresa, though weak, was not wicked,
and during the year that had elapsed since then,
she had learned to look upon the matter more
calmly, and to regard its consummation as an
event to which she must submit with as good a
grace as possible. This evening, however, all
the old thoughts and emotions were awakened
again. The idea that there was even a possi-
bility that the marriage would not take place,
had never crossed her brain, but now Adelaide's
own words had suggested the thought, and
Kate's playful caution had confirmed it. All
the way home it had seemed to her that an
audible voice was whispering in her ear, "This
marriage may be prevented;" and she had more
than once involuntarily turned her head to see
whence it proceeded.

Alas! the voice came from the innermost
depths of her own heart, and had she then at-
tempted to stifle it, she might have succeeded.
But she listened to the song of the siren—she
repeated to herself, over and over again, the
words that had so charmed her, and scarcely
made one effort to free herself from the influence
that was entrancing her.

"Adelaide cannot love him as I do," she
thought in self-justification, as she lay down to
rest, perhaps, but not sleep, that night. "She
cannot love him as I do, or she could not have
talked so coolly of what she could and what she
would do. And, indeed I don't think she has
very deep feelings—these northern girls are so
cold and reserved. She is too proud to give
very long over any man's desertion, and she
certainly does allow that young Melville to be
very attentive. George ought to know it, at
least; and if he did, and if any thing should
happen, why then—"

She sprang from the bed and hastily lit a
taper that stood upon the dressing-table. The
face that looked down upon her from the mirror
that hung over it, was, indeed, beautiful. Her
cheeks were now glowing, her large hazel eyes
were strangely radiant; her luxuriant hair
streamed in wild disorder, half waves, half curls
over her night-dress, and her red lips were part-
ed in a smile that, if it lacked sweetness, was
brilliant and fascinating.

"Strange that he did not love me!" she mur-
mured; "others have, why should not he? and
he would if he were not for Adelaide. Oh! I
will win him yet, and then I will be so faithful
to him, I will love him so devotedly as to atone
for all else."

Extinguishing the lamp she crept back to her
couch again, but there was no rest for her there.
Could not she silence the voice of conscience by
such sophistries as those she had been uttering;
and when the morning dawned, it had almost re-
sumed its sway. Adelaide's greeting, as they
met at the breakfast-table, seemed even more
kind than usual; and during the day she found
herself so steadily and pleasantly employed, that
she had no time to harbor dangerous thoughts.
But again and again they returned, and each
time her resistance was more feeble, till at last—
but the progress of our story will sufficiently
develop the result of the struggle.

CHAPTER II.

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth.

One evening, about the middle of the follow-
ing September, George Tilden was pacing with
a hasty step the floor of Mr. Lindsey's parlor,
while Adelaide sat by the table, carefully turn-
ing over some engravings. Her usually color-
less cheek was even painfully flushed; her eye
was an anxious and troubled expression, and her
hand trembled so perceptibly that she laid down
the picture she had lifted from the table, and
addressed her.

"Adelaide, do you still persist in refusing me
an audience?"

"I tell you, as I have told you before, sir, that
I have none to give."

"But you surely cannot expect me to overlook
this matter entirely!"

"I expect nothing from you—nothing what-
ever," that is just and honorable—she was
about to add, for she was very much excited and
hardly knew what she was saying.

"But what am I to believe?"

"Precisely what you choose to believe, sir;
and you will allow me to add, that it is quite
time our conference was ended."

The color flashed to George Tilden's face, and
he grasped her hand impetuously; "Adelaide
Lindsey, you do not love me—and you never did."

"It would be very strange if I did, after the
language you have addressed to me this evening,"
she replied, striving to disengage her hand,
and "and as for the past, you are at liberty
to think what you please with regard to that.
Will you release my hand, sir?"

"Yes—and forever," said the young man,
throwing it angrily from him. "Permit me
to bid you good evening, Miss Lindsey."

"Good evening, Mr. Tilden." The next
moment George's footsteps sounded on the
gravel-walk, and Adelaide was slowly ascending
the stairs on her way to her own chamber.

Just then the curtain was slightly drawn
from before one of the upper windows, and a
face, on which many conflicting emotions were
depicted, looked cautiously out. It was Theresa,
and after an instant she drew back and clasped
her hands softly, but with an exultant air.

"It has worked well!" she whispered.

"He goes early, and his step is not quite that
of a happy lover. As I expected, he was too
much excited to approach the subject rationally;
and Adelaide has been too proud to give him
any explanation. Well, I am sure I did not
tell him any thing but the truth."

And she had not in words, but from know-
ing he was not sufficient to prevent her from feel-
ing greatly relieved when she remembered that
his father was now on his return to America,
and that a very few weeks would find her again
in her southern home.

still more incredulously. "For the last time!
Why, Ada, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Kate; we have parted
forever!"

"Oh, Ada, that cannot be!" Have you been
quarrelling?"

"No, not quarrelling, but George—Adelaide's
unnatural composure gave way, and leaning her
head upon her sister's shoulder, a passionate
burst of tears somewhat relieved her. Kate
kissed her fondly until her excitement had in a
measure abated, and then whispered softly—
"Now tell me about it, dear Ada. I am sure
your difficulty—if you have had any—can be
arranged."

"Never, Kate—never!" replied Adelaide, as
she wiped away her tears, "and I do not wish
it, even if it could be. I am not as weak as this
emotion might lead you to suppose."

"You may have given his words a different
meaning from that which he intended, Ada.
What did he say?"

"There can be no mistake at all about it,
Kate. You know how Harry Melville has
tormented me ever since George went away—
—how carefully I have tried to avoid meeting
him, and how steadily I refused to see him
when he called here; until I found that it did
no good; and then I concluded that the best
course for me to pursue was to give him an
opportunity to say what he had to say, and let
that end the matter. I did so—and it did not
But, it seems George has, in some way, heard
a different version of the story, and, to-night,
he called me to account in the most lovely
manner imaginable. If he had noted and spoken
like a reasonable man, I would have told him
all about it; but I would not give him an explanation
when he demanded it so haughtily!"

"Oh, Ada! dear Ada! you were too proud—
why didn't you tell him! I don't believe he
really meant what he said. Who told him the
story?"

"I don't know, and I wouldn't have asked
him for the world. Kate—I was not one bit
proud; and you would have said so if you
had been present. My bitterest enemy has
never yet accused me of coquetry; and George
Tilden ought to have known me too well to
think I would find any thing very attractive in
the society of Harry Melville. He doubted
and suspected me without any sufficient cause,
and I told you, long ago, that I could not for-
give that in any man."

Kate shook her head sadly.

"You think you are very strong now, Adelaide,
because you are angry; but you do not know
how you will feel by and by. Do let me see
George, and explain the matter, if you are not
willing to do so yourself. I know he loves you,
daring."

"Kate, if I do, I will never forgive you as
long as I live. I am not angry at all, and I do
not think myself any stronger than I am.
Would you have me say—Mr. Tilden, I am
very sorry that I have incurred your displeasure,
and I have to confess that a gentleman should
not have behaved to you as I did, and that I
very respectfully decline it—I will please to
forgive me, and do me the favor to marry me
yourself!" Shall I say that, Kate? I don't
know what else I could say."

"Oh! don't talk so, Ada—and don't look so!
Your eyes snap so, that I hardly know you.
I only want to do what will be for the best,
and I will say nothing to George without your
consent."

"Forgive me, dear Kate," replied Adelaide,
more gently, "I did not mean to wound your
feelings, but I should be wanting in self-respect
if I were to allow you to give George any expla-
nation whatever. It is best as it is. If he dis-
trusts me once for such very slight reasons—or,
rather, for no reasons at all, he would do it
again. I should be perfectly wretched. Now,
let us go to bed and forget our troubles."

It was easier said than done, and no sleep
visited Adelaide's pillow that night. It was
useless to say that she did not regret the affair
she had loved her betrothed too well for that;
but she did not regret her own course, and she
felt that she could not have done differently.
Perhaps there was a scarcely acknowledged
hope at her heart that he would of himself return
to her, and retract his harsh words; but,
if so, it amounted to nothing more than a hope,
for two days afterward he left the village,
without making the slightest effort to see her
again.

In a few weeks Mr. Gordon landed at Boston;
and, before going home, came directly to Middle-
burg. After a short visit he departed for the
South, taking his daughter with him, and little
dreaming how basely she had repaid the kind-
ness and hospitality lavished upon her by every
member of Mr. Lindsey's family.

CHAPTER III.

She went her way with a strong step and slow,
Her head up, and her eyes undimmed
As she passed a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her soul breathed through
WILLS.

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which hath ceased to be
One can say—'tis lightning.'

"Do not give yourself any uneasiness about
me, Kate; I assure you, I do not intend to play
the part of a love-lorn damsel—go into a con-
vent, or die of a broken heart. Do look like
it!"

These words were uttered by Adelaide Lindsey
in reply to an involuntary exclamation of sorrow
on the part of her sister, a few very days after
Theresa left.

In turning over the drawers of a bureau,
which the sisters shared together, Kate had
found some little articles that Adelaide had
already prepared in anticipation of her approach-
ing marriage; and a very mournful comment on
her mutability of all things earthly had been the
result. She now turned, and gazed at Ada.

"Say, Kate, do I look like it?"

"No, Ada, not at all. I never knew your
color to be so bright, or your lips so red, and
your eyes fairly dazzle me. But I do not like
your looks, nevertheless."

Adelaide laughed—but it was a laugh that
had little gladness in it.

"It is very hard to please you, Kate: how
would you have me look?"

Kate sighed, and turned away: she was com-
pletely puzzled by her sister's demeanor. She
had never known her to be so gay—so full of
the wildest spirits; yet she felt instinctively that
she was not happy. More than once she had
found her pillow wet with tears in the morning;
and let her wake when she would in the night
Adelaide's eyes were wide open. Once, and
once only, had she found her in a restless sleep,
and then a name she had never breathed aloud
since the evening of their parting was upon her
lips, coupled with passionate words of reproach
and entreaty.

In the morning, Kate had been unable to
restrain the expression of the sympathy that
glowed so warmly at her heart, and in
Adelaide's reply she might have found the key
to all that was strange in her conduct.

"Don't pity me, Kate; I tell you I cannot
bear it—that is worse than all the rest." And
her lip curled very bitterly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SINGER'S Patent Straight Needle Sewing Machine.
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guaranteed to sew on all kinds of fabric, and is
the only one that is so simple and so easy to use
that it can be operated by a child. It is the only
one that is so durable and so reliable that it will
last for years and years.

For the last time!
Why, Ada, what do you mean?
Just what I say, Kate; we have parted
forever!
Oh, Ada, that cannot be! Have you been
quarrelling?
No, not quarrelling, but George—Adelaide's
unnatural composure gave way, and leaning her
head upon her sister's shoulder, a passionate
burst of tears somewhat relieved her. Kate
kissed her fondly until her excitement had in a
measure abated, and then whispered softly—
"Now tell me about it, dear Ada. I am sure
your difficulty—if you have had any—can be
arranged."

NEARER TO THEE.
Years, years have fled since, hushed in thy last slumber,
They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree;
But with a patient heart each day I come,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

BE OFF WITH YOU NOW.
Be off with you now—don't I know
That it's only a dream?
With cheeks like the rose's soft glow,
And glances more bright than the star!
'Tis true that my wait is but small,
And my raptures are like the wine;
But I'm not an angel at all,
Nor am I the least bit divine!

THE RASH MARRIAGE.
CHAPTER I.
To her he was
Even as a brother—but no more.

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